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THE MOON ABOVE THE HILL.

Is it shining on to-night,
As it shone in other eves,
With its flood of silver light,
All a ripple through the leaves?
Is it rising, rising still,
The fair moon above the hill?

Is it shining on to-night,
When it cannot kiss her brow—
Cannot touch the small hands white;
Cannot crown her tresses now?
Does it care to shine on still,
The fair moon above the hill?

Is it peering in and out,
Thro' the garden, up the lane,
Seeking everywhere about,
In a restless yearning vain?
Is it looking for her still,
The fair moon above the hill?

Is it creeping in the hall,
Where the door stands open wide,
Where her lightsome foot did fall,
When she entered there, a bride?
Does it dream she cometh still,
The fair moon above the hill?

Is it growing wan and pale,
Sinking down beneath a cloud,
As my darling in Death's vale
Lying hidden in her shroud?
Seeks it her in Heaven still,
The fair moon above the hill?

—Miss C. V. Maitland.

A VANISHING EFFECT.

Two persons—a man and a girl—were walking slowly down a picturesque and precipitous path beside a mountain tarn, that was set like a glistening purple gem deep in a ridge of emerald wood, and among peaks all gold in the summer sunshine.

The girl was a trim, sedate and pretty young creature, with the calm features of a Madonna, large and meditative dark eyes, and dark hair that was smoothly knotted beneath a graceful alpine hat. Her neat figure was clothed in serviceable gray fabric, and her small feet were strongly shod; she carried too a fanciful staff, and a leathern strap crossed one pretty shoulder and supported a leathern bag at her slim waist. Altogether there was something about her that suggested the scrupulous and the independent, and perhaps also the prim and the opinionated.

Her companion was tall and blonde, and muscular, with dreamy brown eyes and a womanish chin. His luxurious mustache was fastidiously waxed and perfumed, and he wore exceedingly modish garments, and he had the indefinitely irreproachable presence of a personage whom society delighted to favor.

As the two slowly descended, chatting in a desultory and harmonious fashion, the young man abruptly stopped, with an expression of sudden and intense interest in those dreamy eyes, which were fixed toward a little hollow beneath them.

"Who is she, Amie, do you know? that lady on the bank below us?" he asked the girl beside him.

She glanced in the direction indicated, but she perceived only an empty green hollow, a blank wall of rustling leaves and a solitary wild bird perched in songless silence on a huge bare boulder.

"Why, Al, I see nobody at all," she said.

"You did not see her because she is gone. She vanished," he murmured, with a regret that was almost grotesque, "like a vision, or a figure in a mirage. I shall wonder presently do beautiful geni inhabit these unscaled peaks and unexplored forests, or if there be some enchanting naiad of the tarn to allude and elude the sight."

Amie drew her madonna brows together in a pretty frown of distaste at his little rhapsody; she was much too prim and practical to encourage any proclivities for exaggerated sentiment or enthusiasm of fancy.

"And I shall wonder presently if your wits have gone wandering," she said, in her clear and placid tones. "I am really inclined to doubt that you saw anybody."

"Ah! but I did, indeed. And there he is again," he returned, lifting his sarge soft hand with an admonitory gesture toward a sunny gap in the

shadowy firs. "Do you not see her now? She has come—and again gone," he concluded, so disappointedly that the girl frowned again, and with the least perceptible scorn.

"I saw only an ordinary mortal dressed rather elegantly in vanishing effects of blue and yellow," she said, in her quiet and uncompromising way.

"I fear you will be obliged to enlighten me," he remarked pleasantly. "I do not conceive what you may mean by vanishing effects in the clothes one wears."

"I mean," she instructed him, the frown changing to a smile, "that the fabric itself is shot and shaded with different colors that brighten or fade away in different lights. And," she said playfully, "your mysterious rambler among the firs yonder seems not unlike the colors she wears—she appears only to vanish and then appear again. But I absolutely believe, Al, that her vanishing effects have bewitched you."

He checked her playful raillery by another gesture of his soft and shapely hand.

"There she is again," he said in a sort of ecstatic whisper. "Did you ever behold any human thing so fair?"

An she was fair indeed—this strange stroller—with her perfect face, her eyes of dazzling blue, her stately and slender shape. Her golden hair glittered and gleamed beneath an immense white hat as she stood there, half in the shadow, half in the sunshine; and in the shade and the light, her marvelous dress shimmered with curiously fleeting and elusive tints of azure and amber, of jasper red and peacock green. As yet she was not aware of their propinquity; and as she paused, gazing down into the deep, glistening lake, she lowly warbled:

"I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
What is it loves me? who loves not me?"

As she sung, Alfred Luray regarded her with a look so intent, so absorbed and so admiring, that the girl beside him sighed unconsciously.

"Come, Al, let us go," she said coldly. "I dare say we shall meet her at the hotel, or somewhere about Garnwood village. And I suppose I shall be compelled to recognize her as an old acquaintance," she admitted reluctantly, as the fair vision again vanished.

"Will you, indeed?" he commented in gratified surprise.

"I knew Celestia Ausley long ago," Amie responded with a new gravity. "I never liked her; and I am sorry she has come to Garnwood."

"Why must every woman dislike another who happens to be beautiful or in any manner superior?" the young gentleman queried laughingly.

"I only dislike shams," the girl answered in her blunt and direct way, and a gilded sham more than all. And I shall be sorry if Celestia delude you, as she has succeeded in deluding many another who perhaps were less—"she hesitated, a delicate pink flush wavering over her calm features.

"Less what?" he inquired, smiling with a certain indolent equanimity, that her bluntest and most uncompromising candor could never provoke.

"Less weak, I am afraid, Alfred," she said with astonishing composure.

"You are more candid than flattering, Amie," he returned uneasily but with no vexation. "But after all I love you the more dearly for your utter frankness always and in everything. And you need apprehend nothing that will ever cause you one slightest regret for me."

And he meant what he averred. But, nevertheless, as time went on, he became unmindful of his promise—mindful of nothing but the fascinations of one fair woman, the beck of whose small white hand had a charm to lure him wheresoever she might will. He did not quite mean to abjure his allegiance to another; he certainly had no wish to grieve, nor to affront his promised bride; but he was indeed weak—so pitifully weak, and the temptress so very fair!

And, beside, Amie seemed to have become so placidly indifferent to it all; she never seemed to feel distrustful nor neglected, but was always her sedate and amiable self, maintaining only a polite and mildly resolute reserve toward the captivating woman against whom she ventured no more warnings.

"Amie is not capable of any great passion of any kind, neither of any fine sentiment nor sweet enthusiasms," he would think, apologizing to his own compunction. "I like fire and spirit, and I do not know that I should be judged weak and blamable just because I turn to another for what she can herself never afford me."

But perhaps in her quiet way Amie suffered; perhaps in her opinionated way she believed that her weak and recreant wanderer would sometime surely return to her affections; certainly in her independent way she never seemed to require the attentions that he had lately denied her. She went about her strolls alone—sedate and prim and self-sufficient—an indefatigable explorer of all the picturesque wonders of Garnwood.

Late one afternoon she paused in the tangled hollow beside the little lake, and reposed herself upon the cool dry grass, listening absently to the drowsy rustle of the leaves, and the lazy lapping of the water upon the rocks below.

Presently the sound of familiar voices came through the wall of firs before her, and as half unwillingly she peered into the glade beyond, she beheld her betrothed husband and the fair woman who had charmed his heart from her.

They were standing on the utmost verge of the mossy bank, she contemplating the purple waters that glistened far below; but the man seemed unconscious of everything but her presence—he watched only for the soft blushes of the perfect face, and for the coquettish smiles of the handsome crimson mouth.

Suddenly he bent toward her and seized both her small jeweled wrists.

"You shall speak. I will be answered now," he said, passion in his dreamy eyes and sternness in his polished voice; "I was warned against you; I was warned that you are a gilded sham—a woman who delude the hearts of men for their sport of a summer day. But I have chosen to believe you true. I have chosen to believe you can love as I would be loved; and for all my faith in you, Celestia, I demand you end a suspense I can endure no longer."

She struggled from his ungente grasp and made a little cry of coquettish protest. But at the moment another individual—a gentleman of an unpleasantly plebeian aspect—strode across the glade and approached her.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he said irritably, as he drew her submissive hand within his arm, and with a grudging and boorish sort of salute toward Al. "Little Rolly is dangerously sick again, and I have come to take you home. I am obliged to you, sir, for your attention to my wife," he added, with a peculiar chuckle and another grudging acknowledgment to the astounded Alfred Luray.

The young gentleman could scarcely as yet realize the significance of it all; but as the two moved away he lifted his hand to his forehead and turned as if to shut from his sight the cruel thing which had wounded him.

His movement was incautious, and his heedless feet slipped on the mossy verge of the steep bank, and the next instant he fell forward—down, ever down, toward the glistening depths below.

And a moment later, Amie, from her covert in the tangled hollow, beheld him lying, like one dead, among the rocks, the lazy water lapping his pallid face, upturned to the summer sky.

Something more potent than sentiment, and more efficient than enthusiasm, served him now. A very practical and deliberate young woman clambered down the perilous and difficult declivity; a strong young arm helped him to a grassy couch beyond the reach of those deadly waters; a cool young brain soon ascertained that his hurts were superficial, and a steady, skilled hand administered the draught that aroused him to consciousness.

"What a brave and clever girl you are," he at length said, holding her fast, and regarding her with a look of gratitude and contrition that he fancied she could not wholly comprehend.

She understood sufficiently well, however. But candid of soul and blunt of speech as she was, she did

not at this crisis shrink from a little innocent dissembling; and she did not allow him to guess that she knew the entire truth. Her poor, weak, punished recreant had returned to her affections, and she was not loth to believe that his amends would be all that she could desire.

"I have a notion, Amie, that I was really somewhat infatuated with your old acquaintance," he once said, at tempting the penitential explanation that he deemed indispensable; "but, my dearest, I—"

She interrupted him with a peculiar expression that rather puzzled him.

"I shall not allow you to fib to me, Al," she said with a peculiar meaning, but with assuring sweetness. "I shall not credit your notions about what was, after all, only a vanishing effect, you know."—*Ettie Rogers.*

Chocolate Drops.

Members of a boating club should always be true to its scullers.—*Texas Siftings.*

"A thing of beauty is a boy forever," sadly sung a father when he heard of the eighth male arrival.—*Carl Peizel's Weekly.*

We have at last discovered the reason our gas bill is so high. The meter is sick—it must have gas-trick fever.—*Evansville Argus.*

A pious barber in a puritan town, in order to propitiate trade, put up a sign which read: "I come to shave, not to destroy."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A man in Dodge City, Kansas, who is credited with killing thirty-two persons, is called "a sociable good fellow, when he isn't crossed."—*Boston Globe.*

Summer is probably selected for the base ball season because there are an abundance of flies and bats; although, to be sure, there are more balls in the winter.—*Washington Hatchet.*

It is the custom among the French to kiss the forehead and not the lips. When the American girls began to wear bangs they knew what they were about.—*Boston Transcript.*

The man who played the trombone next door to us is dead. We have sent in our congratulations to his reviving family, and are seriously contemplating joining the church again. There is now nothing to prevent such a step.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Sunday School Teacher—"Now this good man I've been talking about never cheated his customers nor sold under weight, and yet always lived a happy, contented life. What does this prove, Susie?" Susie (whose father deals in dairy products)—"I specks it proves, miss, that he warn't in the butter bizness."—*Chaff.*

Gen. Banks as Speaker.

When it was announced that Mr. Banks was elected speaker of the house of representatives the enthusiasm on the part of the supporters of that gentleman knew no bounds, and wild huzzas went up, and other extravagant manifestations of joy prevailed. Ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs, whilst a few of the "sovereigns," who had been looking on anxiously, applauded, in view that the ~~long~~ and disgraceful contest was now ended. During the proceedings the excitement was, if possible, increased by the startling cry that a boy was being crushed to death in the galleries. Members, looking to the gallery, loudly cried: "Let the crowd fall back!" "Don't kill him!" "Hand him over the rail!" etc. The masses waved too and fro, everyone impatiently desiring to learn, by ocular demonstration, the true condition of the lad. However, this part of the play was soon over, and the victim of the crowd relieved from his danger. Mr. Banks delivered a brief but neat speech, and, of course, was noisily greeted by his friends. He performed his duties like one long accustomed to the chair, calm, self-possessed and ready for business. His bearing upon the occasion was the theme of admiration. He leased one of the houses known as the chain buildings, because of the chains around a small inclosure in front, and gave dancing receptions, which were attended by members of all political parties.—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

A twenty-pound shell from a Parrott gun was lately found imbedded in the roof of the Vicksburg opera-house.

San Francisco clerks are fighting for the early-hour movement.